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*Received, May, 1873.*

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Binding

"Oldmixon. The Governance of Cyprus"

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THE  
GOVERNOUR  
OF  
CYPRUS:  
A  
TRAGEDY,

As it is ACTED,  
At the New THEATRE,  
IN

Little LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

By Her MAJESTIES Servants.

---

By MR. OLDMIXON.

---

*Si vis me Flere Dolendum est,*

*Primum Ipse tibi.*

*Quicquid Præcipies esto brevis.*

*Mor ad Pison :*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. Tookey, for Rich. Parker at the Unicorn  
under the Piazza of the Royal-Exchange. 1703.

# The Persons.

Phorſano	Governour of Cyprus,	Mr. Powel.
Vrotto	For the Venitians Admiral.	Mr. Booth.
Iopano	A Spaniſh Lord taken by a Turk, coming from the Weſt-Indies, Retaken by Vrotto, and carry'd into Cyprus.	Mr. Betterton.
Iſſantenea	Wife to Iopano, Marry'd to the Governour.	Mrs. Barry.
Lucinda	Iopano's Siſter.	Mrs. Bouman.
Zarma	Woman to the Governours Firſt Lady.	

Officers, Guards, Attendants and Muſicians.

Scene, the Governours Palace, in Cyprus, near the Sea.

149,445  
May 1873



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EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO  
Her GRACE  
THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
BOLTON.

M A D A M,

**I**F I had only consider'd in Your Grace  
those shining Vertues, those Illustri-  
ous Qualities, which Command De-  
votion equally from all Men, I should

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## iv Epistle Dedicatory.

---

not have Presum'd to approach you with a Present so Unworthy of Your Graces Acceptance: But M A D A M, 'tis neither These; nor the Delightful Contemplation of the Perfect Beauty, which makes you the Ornament of the Fairest Court in the World, that encourag'd me in this Address. 'Tis the Transcendent Goodness of Your Nature, and Your Judgment, the Humanity with which you receive the meanest of your Servants, and Your Unwear'd Inclination to do Good, that Tempted me to put forth this P O E M, under your Graces Patronage, and Justifie my Ambition to please You.

The Approbation of the Great and the Fair, is the most Charming Reward a P O E T can pretend to, and that Geni-

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## Epistle Dedicatory. v

---

us must certainly be very Cold, who is not to be fir'd by such Applause. Yet Beauty and Quality, with all the high Advantages which wait on them are not Infallible ; and without your Graces Discernment, a Man cannot be sure that the Praise he receives from the Fairest and the Greatest will be Lasting.

I know MADAM, with what Respect and Awe I ought to appear before You, and that tho' You are the best Patroness of Wit, and the Muses, yet none of their Effects can Escape Your Penetration, and the Delicacy of Your Taste ; However I can't fear so much from the Severity of Your Judgment as I Hope from the Excellent Sweetness of Your Temper, which will always incline



---

## vi Epistle Dedicatory.

---

cline You to Excuse, or Forgive  
what You cannot Commend, or Ap-  
prove.

Great are the Disadvantages the  
Stage lies under, from the Character  
which has been Industriously given it of  
*Licentious* and *Corrupt* ; Fools and Hy-  
pocrites have always a Party strong e-  
nough to hurt what offends them, and  
Folly, and False Zeal have suffer'd too  
much by the Theatres to look on them with  
Pleasure. To whom should the *Muses*  
Fly for Succour in their Distress, but  
to those whose Unquestion'd Honour  
will defend 'em from the Assaults of  
*Mallice* and *Slander*. No Interest can  
be more Serviceable to them than Your  
Graces, Your Name will strike their  
Enc-



---

## vii Epistle Dedicatory.

---

Enemies Dumb, and restore the *Drama* to its first Reputation; which gives the most Celebrated School of Vertue, and as such Maintain'd and Cherish'd by the Wise | state of *Athens*. Who will dare to Affront what You are pleas'd to Protect? Who think that Entertainment dangerous in which the most Vertuous are Delighted, and why should the Stage be Apprehensive of its Fate, when Your Grace so Generously appears to support it.

'Tis the Hope of all who wish we'll to the Art, that 'twill in time Produce something more Worthy Your Graces Encouragement, that the good Days of Farce and Buffoonry, A diversion fit only for the Rabble, are over, and

---

## x Epistle Dedicatory.

---

This *MADAM*, is the Hearty Wish  
of Thousands, whom Your Goodness  
has Oblig'd and of none with more Zeal,  
and Sincerity than of

*M*<sub>A D A M,</sub>

Your Graces,

Most Humble,

Most Devoted, and

most Obedient Servant.

J. Oldmixon.

# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Powel.

**S**ince Farce and Fustian cou'd so often please ye  
The Task, we fancy'd, wou'd for us be easy.  
We thought we might, as well as others, Hit;  
For ev'ry thing of late succeeds but Wit.  
A few Loose Characters, a Lucky Name  
Brings a full House, and gets the Poet Fame.  
And he that has the art to fill the Pit,  
With us shall ever be the topping Wit:  
Nor will we think the Criticks Judgement true,  
Or that's irregular which pleases you.  
Pure Envy makes 'em talk of want of Rule,  
As if a man cou'd take and be a fool.  
'Tis fine I Faith, and they as well may say  
The Sparks who write and you who see the Play  
And we that act, and all are Sots but they. }  
Civil ye Gad—but to revenge their Spite,  
We're wise enough to damn 'em when they write.  
Tho' this, among our selves, we may confess  
Some Grievances, 'tis time we shou'd redress.  
Our Houses thin apace, our Wares lie dead  
And Fustian quite, or Farce has spoilt the Trade.  
When Cash comes short and we begin to pinch  
Up goes the Boy, the Ladder-dance, and Clinch.

Wide

## PROLOGUE

Wide Folio Bills on ev'ry Post we place  
And huge RED LETTERS stare you in the Face.  
We Cram the Coffee-Houses with our Notes  
As Quacks for Cullies, and as Cits for Votes.  
Gyants, half men, all Monsters we have shewn  
And rais'd the Price from Pence to Half a Crown.  
Yet sure some other way we may devise  
To please, and grow as rich, and you as wise.  
Suppose, Our Bards to shew they ever thought  
For Change; were now allow'd to think and plot.  
Nor Sound for Sense nor Whymsey past for Wit  
For Wickerly ner'ethus, nor Otway writ.  
Hold——You're prepar'd to cry out in a rage  
Wee'l have no Reformation of the Stage.  
Your Pardon, Sirs, pray don't be in a Fright,  
Whate're we do, wee'l not begin too night.

The



---

T H E

# Governour of Cyprus, &c.

---

A C T the I.

Scene a Garden ; *Lucinda* lying on a Bank of Flowers, a Grove near it ; after the Song is over, *Zarma*, and *She* come forward.

S O N G.

1.

*When Sylvia runs to Woods and Groves,  
And Weeps alone, and Sighs,  
What e're She says, I fear She Loves,  
And thus I would Advise.*

2.

*If Sylvia is Belov'd, Enjoy  
Nor let the Youth grow Cold ;  
While Young, 'tis Foolish to be Coy ;  
You'll think so when you're Old.*

3.

*Your Sighs and Tears will never do ;  
Or Love Him, or Despise :  
He'll soon be weary to Pursue  
The Nymph that always Flies.*

*Lucinda.* **C**EASE *Zarma*, Cease to Charm me with a Song ;  
Tis not in Musick to relieve my Cares.  
Such Griefs as mine are Deaf to ev'ry Voice,  
Which talks of Comfort, or wou'd sooth Despair.

B

Oh!

Oh ! That the Winds had hurl'd me in the Deep,  
My Honour then had been secure in Death,  
And I had never dreamt of Love or Shame.

*Zarma.* Your Honour in your Brother is secure,  
Your Wishes in *Virotto's* Friendship Blest ;  
The Winds you blame, are waisting 'em to *Cypius*,  
And you will soon embrace 'em and be safe.

*Lucin.* Oh never, never, 'tis but now I heard  
From *Issamenea* of her Husbands Fate :  
She told me ; how, with Tears, or with Concern,  
With Groans, with Horror, or in bitter Woe ?  
Did her Eyes Glow with Sorrow, or with Joy ?

*Zarm.* Her Husband too ?

*Lucin.* What means this Sudden Start ?  
Thou art no stranger to *Phorano's* Crimes ;  
Few Days are past since I beheld his Wife,  
Young, Healthy, Fair and Loving as a Bride ;  
Who now Lies bury'd in her Silent Tomb,  
And whom She Cherish'd most, usurps her Bed.

*Zarm.* Too well I Lov'd her, and was Lov'd too well,  
Or not to know, or to forget her Wrongs :

*Lucin.* Say then, tho thou perhaps art of their Plots,  
A Spy upon my Actions and my Grief,  
With thy false pity to provoke my Rage,  
And fit me for their future deeds of Murder.  
Say by whose Hands thy Generous Mistress fell.

*Zarm.* Why with those doubts will you encrease my torment ?  
Why with those hard suspicions rack my Soul ?  
Could my Hearts Blood have serv'd her when alive,  
Or could I with my Life revenge her Head,  
How freely would I Bleed ?

*Lucin.* Thy honest Tears Convince me of thy Faith.  
Oh thou who vilely hast abus'd thy Name,  
Thou stain of Friendship, Gratitude and Honour,  
How can thy Soul consent to taste of Joy,  
Whiler thy Friend scarce is in her Marble Cold !

*Zarma.*

*Zarma.* When first I saw *Phorsano* Lov'd this Fair,  
 I watch'd his every glance, observ'd 'em both;  
 O'er heard his Promises and Guilty Vows,  
 Inform'd *Emilia*, she in Tears Complain'd  
 Of what my Lord with horrid Oaths Deny'd.  
 We who attended were Commanded forth;  
 And when to help him were recal'd, Oh Cruelty!  
 We found her Dying in his perjur'd Arms.

*Luc.* Accurst Descent on this Unhappy Isle!  
 Better for thee, thou kindest of thy Sex  
 For *Iffamenea*, for my self, for all,  
 That Seas had swallow'd us, or Pyrates slain,  
 Before we Landed on this Fatal Shoar:  
 My Brother lost; my Sister, Oh my Soul,  
 To him, to me, to Vertue lost for ever.  
 Who will defend me from the pow'r of Lust?  
 Who guard my Innocence, and watch my Youth?  
 To whom shall I complain in my Distress?  
 Pity is Deaf, and Heaven will only Hear.

*Zarm.* May Heav'n, on whom you call, be your defence:  
 For now, even now, I hear *Phorsano's* Voice;  
 The sound of Musick in a Neighbouring Walk:  
 He ne'er retires but when the fever's high.  
 He comes, and 'twou'd be Death for me to stay. [*Exit*]

*Luc.* Oh whither shall I fly? [*Phorsano enters, Musick*  
*at some distance, he takes hold of Lu-*  
*cinda, as she offers to rise and go off.*]

*Phors.* Whither, my Love, but to my longing Arms?  
 Why art thou fond of Solitude and Shade?  
 Why dost thou shun the Pleasures of the Court?  
 I thy *Apollo*, and my *Daphne* Thou:  
 Why Fly'st while I pursue thee with a Song?  
 Begin, you Men of Art, your Tuneful Strains;  
 Let the soft Zephirs from the Citron Groves  
 Disperse their evening Sweets,  
 And every Sense be Charm'd.



Man. *Since tis to Sin, so very Sweet  
 So needful to forbear,  
 Or else our Nature is too weak,  
 Or Duty too Severe  
 Thus baited by two Cruel Foes,  
 In constant Love we Live :  
 As Nature does the Law Oppose,  
 The Law does Nature grieve.*

Woman. *Thou Tyrant Honour, hence be gone,  
 I will no more be Cheated,  
 If tis to Love to be undone,  
 I'll try my Fate, and meet it.*

Man. *To trust him longer, you're to blame,  
 He'l certainly deceive ye;  
 For Loves a very harmless Flame,*

Woman. *I wish I could believe ye.*

*For Love, &c.*

*Phosf.* Hence ! and attend my Will.

*And now, my Lovely Charmer, see how much  
 Thy Virgin softness and resistless Beauty  
 Have won upon my Heart: But thou art blind  
 To what I do, and deaf to what I say ;  
 Cold as the Regions of the Frozen North:  
 Come, let me melt thee on my panting Breast,  
 And warm thee with the Heat of Youthful Love.*

*Luc.* Is this for me, my Lord, to hear from you?

*This from the Husband of my Brothers Wife  
 Oh I Opano, had thy Life been spar'd.*

*Thou wou'dst not sure have suffer'd this to be.*

*Phorf.* Not suffer'd it to be ? He might as well

Have



Have calm'd the Seas, and hush'd the raging Winds:  
While I behold thee thus divinely fair,  
I must desire; and what desire, Enjoy.

*Luc.* Oh Insolence! Is't thus you treat your Guests?  
Thus that you shew your hospitable Mind?  
Is't not enough my Sister has been ruin'd,  
Been tempted to dishonour by your Wiles?  
Wou'd you have me as Infamous as her?  
The Scorn of *Cyprus* and her Sexes Shame.

*Phor.* If like another *Venus*, to Command  
This *Paphian Isle*, and be like her ador'd;  
If this is ruin in a Womans eyes;  
Thy Sister is undone, and so shalt thou be;  
I'll set thee high above the Envious Croud,  
Superiour as in Beauty so in State,  
Selected thro' the World; a thousand Slaves  
With me the humblest Creature of thy Will,  
Shall wait upon thy Nod, and fill thy Train.

*Luc.* Can Wealth or Grandeur give me back my Friend,  
My Brother, and the honour of our House?  
Urge me no more, The Sound of Love from thee  
Strikes me with horror; and confounds my Soul.

*Phor.* I know *Viotto* is your darling wish:  
The Sound from him were pleasing to your Ear:  
Oh Choice, most Elegant! The man indeed  
Is Jealous, Faithless, Barbarous and Poor,  
Rough as the Waves on which he has been bred;  
But he is young and lusty, has been us'd  
To guide the Sturdy Helm and ply the Oar;  
He'll Crush thee with his iron Arms, and bruise  
Thy tender Limbs with every rude embrace.

*Luc.* While thou wert innocent, thy Friend was honest,  
Brave, Noble, Generous, Gallant and Sincere;  
None but *Viotto* then deserv'd my Heart:  
How is it he so soon has lost his worth,  
Is he since alter'd? Has he since abus'd

Another

- Another's Bed, or stain'd his own with Blood ?  
*Phor.* Ha ! Have a care, Ungrateful ! to provoke me :  
 Love, like a Child, grows tullen at a Rod ;  
 Yet may be sooth'd and flatter'd from his Toy.  
 Oh Woman ! Proud, Fantastical and vain ;  
 The brave mans Folly, and the boast of Fools,  
 Too nice this minute, and the next too fond ;  
 If we should judge of you by those you bless,  
 Our worship and our praise wou'd sink to scorn.  
 Go, wander with thy Hero on the main,  
 Feed on coarse Dishes and the Scraps of war.  
 See thy poor Children begging at thy Feet  
 The Bread thou want'st thy self.  
 Another hanging at thy wither'd Pap,  
 Earnest for Life, and sucking it in vain ;  
 While ev'n before thee this Belov'd enjoys  
 Some Common Wretch, and gives the Beast his pay.  
*Luc.* Better with him to feed on Beggars Fare,  
 To sip the running Stream, and dwell in Wilds :  
 Better, to see my little Infants cry,  
 Afrighted with the Waves and rattling Winds ;  
 Or bear 'em thro' the World to live on alms,  
 Than hearken to thy Lust, thou worst of men !  
 I Sin to hear so much, I will no more. [*won'd go, he stops*  
*Phors.* Rail on a while, and let the Tempest roar, [*her.*  
 The Storm will beat it self into a Calm :  
 Oh if there's something in thy Frowns so sweet,  
 What must it be to see thee smile, to hear  
 Thy Sighs, the murmurs of accomplish'd Love ?  
 I'll watch thy looser thoughts, thy morning wishes,  
 And when thy Heart is open to desire, [*Issamcuea enters as*  
 I'll seize, embrace, and bear thee thus to Joy. [*he embraces*  
 Save me ye Powers. [*Luc. Swoons*  
*Issa.* Ha ! By the anguish of my Soul, 'tis She ;  
 She that has rob'd me of his Heart ;  
 A Prize unsought, unworthy of my Charms.  
 I blush



I blush to own it, and deserve this Scorn,  
 For fearing Death, and yielding to his threats.  
 Oh had he drencht his Dagger in my Blood,  
 My Soul e're this had been with *Iopano*.  
 But now I dread to meet him, and prefer  
 A Life of Misery to Death and Rest.

*Phor.* My Wife !

*Iffa.* My Traitor !

*Phor.* Help, oh help; *Lucinda* faints ;  
 Breathless and pale I met her in the Grove :  
 Help me she dies ;

*Iffa.* But soon will live again;  
 Revive to transport, and repeat her Guilt.

*Phor.* Hast thou no tenderness ? No soft remains  
 Of melting pity for a dying Maid ?  
 Thy Friend, thy Sister ? Is there nought in these  
 To calm thy rage, and guide thy Soul to Truth ?  
 Sure thou art grown distemper'd with thy Pride,  
 And giddy with the Fortune of my Love.

*Iffa.* Did I for this admit thee to my Bed ?  
 Deaf to the voice of Friendship and of Love ?  
 For this, Ungrateful, did I sell my Peace,  
 Forget my Grievs, and bless thee to thy Wish ?  
 But clear me to the World, and own my Fear  
 Comply'd to give thee what my Heart deny'd :  
 Witness my Innocence to Earth and Heav'n ;

And thou, Perfidious ! Dread avenging Justice.

*Luc.* Unhappy ! canst thou talk of Heaven and Justice ?

Think of thy Friend, who lov'd thee like a Sister.

Oh think of *Iopano*, and by whom

Thy Husband and thy Friend are now no more. [*weeps*]

*Iffa.* See how the *Siren* with dissembled tears  
 And Artful Sorrow gilds her loose Desires.

To thee, young Hypocrite, I owe my ruin,  
 Not to the Force of thy superiour Beauty ;  
 By Spells thou hast seduc'd him.

Cou'd

Cou'd he else, warm with my embrace, forsake me,  
 And leave the rapture of my Arms for thine ?  
 But why am I so much concern'd to Lose  
 A Conquest I ahorr ?

Go perjur'd ! and enjoy your guilty Loves.  
 Guilt, will enough avenge me, and Remorse. [Exit

*Luc.* What hast thou done *Phor sano* ? By thy means  
 My Honour will become as foul as Hers.  
 More Cruel thou ! than *Renegades* or *Turks*,  
 Than *Affrick* Robbers, or a winter Storm ;  
 Compar'd to thee, the Savages were Kind,  
 Humane and Gentle. Oh that I had slain  
 By Seas or Pyrates ! I shou'd then have dy'd  
 Possess'd of what is dearer than my Life.  
 A spotless Fame, like all my wishes, pure. —

*Phor.* Malice nor Envy cannot hurt thy Vertue  
 O're me victorious, till I see thy Eyes,  
 And then the Feaver burns, and I relapse.  
 Peace to my lovely Innocence : For soon  
 Thy Sister of her Error shall repent,  
 Adore thee as a Saint, and on her Knees  
 Implore thy Pardon, and confess her sin. [Exit

*Luc.* In what a Maze of Misery I walk !  
 An Orphan and a Stranger in the World ;  
 No Friend to be the Partner of my Woe.  
 Oh I *Opano* happy in thy Tomb  
 Cou'd'st thou have born to see thy Bed defil'd,  
 Thy House abus'd, and me the Sport of Fame ?  
 An out-cast Living on a Tyrants alms [Chains,  
 Sure 'twou'd have rackt thee worse than Want or  
 Than Whips, and Wheels, or all the Plagues of Life ;  
 Driv'n thee to Madness as it works on me  
 Pierc'd thee with Wounds thy Nature could not bear,  
 And kill'd thee with the worst of Deaths, Despair.

*The End of the First Act.*

ACT 2d

## ACT II.

*Scene a Grotto in the Garden.**Viroto. Iopano* [a Slave at a distance.

*I Op.* PROPitious Breezes, and a smiling Sea,  
At last, my Friend, have brought us safe to Cy-  
Oh when my eyes beheld the distant Shore, (*prus* :  
How my Heart leapt, and all within was Joy.

*Viroto.* In transports *Iopano* !

*I Op.* Could'st thou but frame some Image to thy self  
Of the high Rapture I expect to night,  
Didst thou but know my *Iffamenea's* Worth,  
Our mutual Faith and unexampl'd Love ;  
Thy Soul wou'd be enlarg'd like mine, and Thou,  
In what rejoices me so much, rejoice ;  
Oh ! She is all that tender Mothers pray  
For their First-born when ripen'd into man.  
By Heav'n ! He sighs, he scarce contains his Tears ;  
With melancholly Looks receives my Joy ,  
As if he wisht not *Iopano* well.

*Vir.* By all my future hopes, thy peace of Mind  
Is dearer to *Viroto* than his own.

*I Op.* Woud'st Thou, my Friend, my Brother, think it kind  
If thou shoud'st see me on thy Bridal Night  
VVith Looks dejected ? Wou'd it please thee well  
To hear me bless the genial Bed with Sighs ?  
This night my *Iffamenea* is a Bride,  
Her Bridegroom I, whom oft she in her dreams  
Has gently Claspt, and chid me for my Stay :  
I fly, thou Blushing Beauty, to thy arms.

C

Wee'l



Wee'l meet in Extasy and part no more.

*Vir.* Oh *Iopano* !

*Iop.* Why again that Sigh ?

Why dost thou tremble at my Name?

*Vir.* I then

Was thinking of the Frailty of our *Blisses* ;

Are they not transitory all and false?

*Iop.* They are where *Heav'n* has not pronounc'd 'em good ;

Mine are the Fruit of our connubial Vows,

Sincere and lasting as the *Bonds* which make

Our Souls, our *Bodies*, and our *Intrests* one.

*Vir.* But not our *Passions* ; we have heard at least

Of faithless *Husbands* and inconstant *Wives*.

Too well I know thy merit, to believe

That 'tis in thee to change.

*Iop.* And I too well

My *Iffameneas* Vertue, to suspect

That ev'n in thought she cou'd abuse my love

Already she has past the fiery Tryal ;

When from the *Indies* we were bound for *Spain* ;

The Turk who took us on the Coast, from whom

(Or still we had been Slaves) thy valour free'd us

In vain, to win her from her Duty, strove.

She scorn'd his Threats, his Promises despis'd ;

Chains, Poverty and Death, she chose with me,

Ere all the Pleasures of the East with him.

Oh she is form'd of fine *Ethereal* Mould,

Pure from the Makers hand, and free from Dross.

*Vir.* What pity thou shoud'st e'er be undeceiv'd,

Why must I wake thee from this pleasing Dream ?

*Iop.* What means *Viroto* ?

*Vir.* Oh too much, my Brother,

I must, ev'n I, who wou'd, to serve thee, rush

On pointed Swords, and plunge into the Deep ;

I, who to make thee happy, wou'd resign

What to my *Heart* is dearest, I must tell

A Tale which will for ever make thee miserable.

Let

Let me embrace thee while thy Heart is whole;  
For 'twill soon break, and thou be lost for ever.

*IOp.* Speak quickly, for thy eyes are full of Fate:  
Why hast thou brought me to this lonely Walk,  
Desert and Wild, the Inmost of the Grove?  
Why shun'd the Paths which lead us to the Pallace

*Vir.* Where with impatience we are both expected  
My Boat, before our Ship had reach'd the Port,  
I Order'd privately to land us here,

That unobserv'd I might discharge my Breast,  
Unfold a Secret which must save thy Life,  
And put a dreadful Vengeance in thy pow'r  
E're our Arrival at the Court is known.

For Oh! my *Iopano*! Thou art wrong'd [Say on?

*IOp.* VVrong'd, ha! by whom, when, where, and how  
And torture not my quick Imagination  
Left Jealousie, the Fury thou hast rais'd,  
should lay the Crime where sure it cannot be.

*Vir.* With Patience hear me, or I yet am silent,  
Your fruitless Rage will disappoint my hopes,  
Bring ruin on thy self and arm thy Foes.

*IOp.* Didst thou not tell me I was wrong'd, *Viroto*?  
Oh how it stings, I cannot bear my Fears.

Revenge, Revenge.——

*Vir.* We will be both reveng'd.

But Patience, or you frustrate all my Counsels,  
Which aim at Vengeance signal as thy Wrongs:  
Like thy brave self, the worst of Fortune bear.

*IOp.* Yet still I am a Man.——

*Vir.* And be so still

This by the Ship that met us in our Voyage  
Was brought me, which I durst not shew thee then,  
Least in the violence of thy despair,  
Thou hadst attempted on thy life: Enough  
Of day remains to light thy wretched Eyes.  
To read in this how ill thou hast been us'd.

[Reads] *My Wife dying presently after you left us, the Passion I felt for Iffamenea, has forc'd me to marry her.*  
Hell and Confusion.

*I therefore desire you to dispose of her Hus hand, which you may easily do at Sea, in your return ; this Service will obligeme to be eternally yours, and make you as welcome to me as you will be to your Mistress.*

Your real Friend,  
*Phor sano.*

Oh, my *Viroto*, whither am I faln ?

*Ha!* I shall grow a Traitor to my self  
And tamely yield her to the Monsters arms.  
Let me be basely hooted thro' the World,  
The Scorn of Fools, and every Villains jest,  
If I refuse not either Food or Sleep,  
Till I have brought 'em from their height of Pleasure,  
Low as the Earth, and dash't 'em thus to pieces.

*Vir.* Hold ! you forget ; this Fury will destroy thee ;  
Allarm the Tyrant, and secure his Conquest :  
Didst thou not promise me thou woud'st be patient ?

*IOp.* Say to the Ocean, when it boils, be Calm ;  
Bid the four VVinds that with his Billows VVar ;  
Be husht, and when they hear thee, I'll obey :  
Oh for unheard of Tortures, Plagues and Racks  
To tear their wanton Limbs, and wound their Souls,  
That living they may feel the Paines of Hell,  
And I be made Immortal by revenge.

*Vir.* Remember to be just, as thou'rt severe ;  
Let not the guiltless with the guilty bleed,  
*Phor sano* by thy death might hope to gain  
VVhat else he never cou'd pretend to win ;  
This mischief, tho' conceiv'd, perhaps is yet  
Unborn, and *Iffamenea* innocent.

*IOp.* Say, is it possible she may be true ?  
Say it again, 'tis musick to my Ear ;  
And every thought that tends to this, is Heav'n.  
But if I find her false, by all the pow'rs

Of



Of Earth and Hell I'll stab him in her Arms ;  
And they shall swim in Blood as well as Joy.

*Vir.* Allay this heat, or we shall Act in vain.  
A Slave attends me with a Moors Disguise,  
In this I'll introduce thee to the Governour,  
As one who slew his Rival, and expects,  
Rewards from him which I before engag'd.  
Thus undiscover'd you'l with safety know  
Who most has injur'd you, and who must Dye.

*Iop.* Be quick, for every Minute of delay  
Kills me with Apprehension of my shame :  
Lead me, *Virroto*, to this Lustful Tyrant,  
Proud of his Sin, and in his Guards secure:  
Shew me this Hero, who too soon shall prove  
No Foe's so terrible as injur'd Love. [ *Exit.*

Scene *An Antichamber, Phorsano met by Issamenea*

*Phorf.* Is this the Haughty Beauty, this the Goddess ?  
Whose Eyes she lately thought might awe the  
So Jealous of her Empire grown, she fears (World;  
The least Invader whom of late she scorn'd.  
How poor a Passion this, which makes us seem  
Less to our selves, than those whom we despise ;  
Hence with these vain suspicions ; you're the same,  
Still Fair and Lovely, as I first beheld you :  
Be Conscious, of your Charms, nor dread a Rival ;  
For that which made, will keep me still your Slave.  
*Issa.* How mean thou look'st, to flatter what thou hat'st !  
In this more despicable than thy Falshood,  
But why should I complain of this to thee,  
Since Treason is the Glory of thy Life  
What Women thou hast wrong'd, what Maids un-  
Where now are all thy Vows of constant Love, (done !  
Where now my *Iopano* ? who would ne'er

Have.



Have us'd me thus, By thee of all depriv'd;  
 Of my Souls Quiet, and I fear it's Joy;  
 You watch'd my Vertue when my Guard was gone,  
 And falsely as you won, you basely left me.

*Phorſ.* Ask your Ambition, Madam, who deceiv'd you:  
 The Court Magnificence, our Royal Grandeur  
 Our Wealth, which scarce your Indian Mines can  
 purchase;

*Iſſa.* These were the Charms, and these you fear to lose.  
 Didst thou not Sigh and Languish at my Feet?  
 Swear that thou lov'dst me more than fame or pow'r,  
 Than Riches, Health, or what in Life is sweet,  
 And yet, ingrate, before a Month is past,  
 'Tis all forgot, as if it ne're had been.

*Phorſ.* No, I remember well your Artful wiles,  
 Your soft bewitching Airs, you Sung, you Play'd,  
 You look'd, you dress'd, and deckt your self for conquest;  
 You met my wishes, flatter'd my desires,  
 And with the cunning of your Sex enslav'd me.  
 In War and Love, what er'e by Art is got,  
 Is sooner lost, than what is won by Arms.

*Iſſa.* Didst thou not point thy Dagger to my Breast;  
 And with the view of sudden Death surpris'd me?  
 Say, did thy Flattery, or Threats prevail?  
 Say have I since I joyn'd my Fate with thine,  
 Discover'd by a tender Word or Smile  
 The least content, or that I lik'd thy Love?

*Phorſ.* You shew your liking when you dread a Change

*Iſſa.* No Tyrant, if thy Life, thy all's too little  
 To Answer my desert from thee, I well  
 May rave to think that I'm repay'd with scorn.  
 'Tis just, ye pow'rs! Ev'n this from him is just;  
 These Tears to *Iopano's* Death are due.  
 I who no sooner heard he was no more,  
 But took a Monster to his Bed; I see  
 My ruin is as plain as thou art false.

Oh

Oh may the Judgment that's prepar'd for me,  
Fall on the Traytor who Debauch'd my Vertue.

*Phorſ.* What's Vertue in a Woman but her Pride,  
Which gives her an excuse to be Imperious?

Self Love and open Affectation all,  
As troubleſom to others as your ſelves :

When Pomp and Adoration are in view,  
The Phantom to her Native Air returns.

*Iſſa.* Judge not of other Women, by thy Wife ;  
As I in pitty to Mankind am loth

To think 'em all ſuch Wretches as thy ſelf.

Hard Fate, that I ſhou'd meet with thee the worſt !

Who once was happy in the beſt of Men.

*Phorſ.* This worſt of Men, this Traytor yet is he  
Who rais'd you from a Wand'rer to a Station  
Which Queens might Envy, by your Faithful Lord  
Forſaken, I lookt kindly on your wants ;

Receiv'd you to my Arms, and whom at firſt

My Charity maintain'd, my Love enrich'd ;

And thus you thank me : How could I expect

A Senſe of Gratitude in thee ?

Whoſe Jealouſy abus'd the beſt of Siſters,

Diſcreet and Vertuous as ſhe's Young and Fair,

Her Virgin Soul as Beauteous as her Form,

And both by thine Unequal'd.

*Iſſa.* Yes ! I in her ſhall ſooneſt reach thy Heart :

Thy Malice I deſpiſe and hate thee more

For thinking me a Fool, than for betraying me.

If thy Falſe Tongue cou'd charm me, have I loſt

My Sight, and muſt not what I ſee believe ?

To Madneſs may'ſt thou Love her ; and may ſhe

Like thee be Faithleſs ; may I loath thee more

Than Heav'n does Hypocrites, or Hell the Juſt :

May Food be Poiſon to me, Light a Plague ;

May Sleep be baniſht from theſe Orbs, may Pain,

Old

Old Age, and Sickneſs be my Lot ;  
 May Want, and Univerſal ſcorn attend me,  
 If as thy Wife, thou doſt again poſſeſs me.  
 Love both of you, Love on ; but think and tremble  
 What I have done to pleaſe thee ; what my rage  
 May do to be reveng'd.

*Phorſ.* And if I e'er deſire to ſee thee more,  
 May Noiſe and Jealouſie, Domeſtick rage  
 And all the Civil Furies of a Wife  
 For ever be my Portion. Oh *Lucinda* !  
 Tiſthou haſt rais'd the Dang'rous War within ;  
 My Honour Combates with the Tyrant Love,  
 But Fights as if he wiſht not to o'ercome :  
 Shall I be daunted by a Womans threats,  
 Or melted with a Maids affected Tears?  
 No, by my Wiſhes I'll prevent thy Malice ;  
 Secure her in my Arms, and rapt with Joy  
 Will all her Fears, and all my own Deſtroy.

*The End of the Second Act.*

A C T the 3d.



## A C T III.

Scene. *An Antichamber in the Pallace, near the Governours Apartment.*

*Viroto. Iopano. Disguis'd like a Moor.*

*Vir.* **T**HUS far we undiscov'rd by his Slaves  
Have past, and now have only him to  
*Phorjano* knew so little of thy Voice, (fear  
Thy Shape, or Person when he sent thee hence  
Thy Image in his Mind ere this is Lost :

Yet if his Guilt preserves thee in his Thought,  
Who, *Iopano*, thus disguis'd, cou'd know thee?  
To me scarce known, who wear thee next my  
*Iop.* Scarce to my self, so faln from what I was; (Hear  
From Love, from Peace and Happiness so faln,  
The very Nature of my Soul is chang'd,  
Or else they flatter'd me; or I was once  
Kind, Noble, Honest, Generous and Sincere  
But now, so like this Sable I am grown,  
There's not a Savage in the *Lybian Woods*,  
Who thirsts for Blood and Mischief, more than I

• Revenge! the Goddess I adore, assist me;  
Let me be deaf to ev'ry Voice but thine,  
Aid me ye Furies!

*Vir.* You forget, my Friend;  
This Madness ruins thee, and saves the Tyrant.  
Ye patient, fawn, dissemble, praise and sooth him  
Till of his Treason and thy Wrongs convinc'd:  
A lucky Minute puts him in thy pow'r.

*Cyprus* amaz'd, will then applaud thy Vengeance;  
And those who call it cruel, think it just.

D

*Iop.* Where,



*Iop.* Where, Where's this Governour?

Why am I delay'd?

Oh if I meditate on this again

I shall indeed be mad; for now, *Vrotto*,

The Traitor revels with my Joys, while I

A fordid Wretch, am waiting here to see him

Come panting from her Arms, and on her Lips

Behold my Kisses wantonly imprest.

Ha!

*Vir.* Is it thus that you command your Fury?

*Phorsano* when he hears of my Arrival

Will soon be with us, to inform his Fears;

By whom, and how he was obey'd. No more,

If he shou'd meet you in this rage, your Life

Will answer for your Folly.

*Iop.* I am calm.

Tho' Vengeance here I feel is in her throws

To bring the dreadful Issue forth, a Birth,

Destructive to 'the sire of whom 'tis born.

*Vir.* Be wise, your Tryal and your Foe approach.

*Enter Governour and his Attendants.*

*Phor.* Welcome to *Cyprus* and my Arms *Vrotto*,

Not a young Lover to his longing Bride

Not thou, with all thy Wishes to *Lucinda*

Canst be more welcome than thou art to me.

My Friend, my Brother!

*Vir.* 'Tis too much my Lord.

Can my poor Services deserve this Honour?

Enough that you accept my Will, and think

My Duty to my utmost Strength perform'd.

What have I done to merit this from you?

*Phors.* I owe to thee a Blessing which is dearer

Than Life or Sov'reign Pow'r. My peace of Mind.

Whose is this Moor?

*Vir.* He's mine, to him you owe

A Blessing, he believes, deserves reward :  
The pleasure of obeying you is mine.

*Phor.* I thank you, tho' this Business had been better  
Conceal'd to all but you and Me for Gold  
Which never fails on mercenary Slaves,  
May charm the Secret from a Wretch like him :  
No matter, we must now be satisfy'd ;  
Perhaps there may be ways to keep him silent.  
Night wears apace, and you will want Repose,  
Too morrow you shall tell me of your Voyage  
Your Mistress then with rapture will receive you  
She lately has been ill and we have orders  
Not to disturb her. Leave the Moor with me,  
Of whom he never shall with Cause complain

*Vir.* Sheka Farewel, remember what I taught you  
Be Wife and Faithful.

*Phor.* And in me he'll find  
A grateful Master and a generous Friend.

*Vir.* Joy to *Phorsano*.

*Phor.* Rest to my *Virotto*.

*Ex. Phor.* *IOp.* attend

*Vir.* In vain we wish what neither can possess  
No Joy for thee, no Rest for thy *Virotto*.  
Go dream of safety, when thy end is nigh,  
For Me— my Soul's so anxious of my Fair,  
It ne're can rest till I have seen her safe.  
Oh *IOpano*, whither art thou a going,  
Was I't Like a Friend to venture thee alone ?  
To trust thee with thy Foes, or with thy self.  
What will thy Sister think of this and Me ?  
How can I answer it to Love and Her ?  
What can I say ? That in so much Distress  
I leave her to her Fortune and despair  
I come, my Charmer, but my boiling Heart  
Foretells our meeting in a World of Woe.

*Scene* Lucinda's apartment, *she is discover'd sleeping on a Couch, a Taper by her ; Issamenea enters with a Dagger.*

- (*smiles:*  
*Issam.* **S**HE sleeps, and dreaming o're her Conquest,  
 So much like Innocence she looks, I fear  
 My pity, if I gaze again, wou'd save her  
 Ah ! *Issamenea*, what art thou become  
 A Murd'rer ? ha ! who is it thou wou'd'st kill ?  
 The Sister of thy Lord, thy *Iopano*.  
 How wou'd he thank thee were he living ? Down,  
 Down, ye remains of Vertue, you're too late,  
 And rise untimely on my Soul.  
 Can I endure to be reproacht and left ?  
 Loath'd by the Vertuous, by the Wicked scorn'd  
 Can I with Patience see her Charms ador'd ?  
 While I, neglected, live a publick Jest,  
 A common Story for the mirth of Slaves.  
 Oh false Ambition why hast thou betray'd me  
 To deeds injurious to my former Glory,  
 Now to forsake me when I want thee most ?  
*Luc.* Defend me all ye Pow'rs ! [*Lucinda making sees the*  
 Defend my Innocence and suff'ring vertue. (*dagger.*  
*Issa.* Hast thou not rob'd me of my Husbands Heart ?  
 And dost thou not deserve  
 That I should search thy Breast to find him there ?  
*Luc.* Look not thus furious—— Hide the fatal Steel:  
 You won't not kill me— Sure you have not lost  
 The dear Remembrance of my Brothers Love.  
 And cannot wound his living Image here.  
*Issa.* What, thou'rt afraid to die, thou young Dissembler !  
 Too much transported with the Sweets of Life,  
 To look on Death with pleasure. By my hopes



Of dreadful Justice, if I find thee guilty  
This minute I'll have Peace, or thou shalt die.

*Luc.* Strike, kill me rather than mistrust my Honour.  
'Tis all, since *Iopano's* Death, is left me :  
Think not by Threats to force me to confess  
What I abhor, what you so lately loath'd.  
Oh *Iffamenea* ! Oh my once lov'd Sister !  
Where is your boasted Constancy ? Oh where  
The fond, the faithful, tender *Iopano*  
Cou'd you so soon forget his wondrous Friendship  
So soon your Innocence and haughty Vertue,  
Which rendred you as lovely as your Charms.

*Iffa.* I scorn thy vile Reproaches, and will prove  
How fallibly I'm accus'd, How justly thou.

*Luc.* Why was my Brother then dispatcht to *Venice*.

*Iffa.* Ask those that govern why the state commands  
Such Christians as are found among their Foes  
Before they're set at Liberty, be sent  
To *Venice* and examin'd by the Senate.

*Luc.* Natives of *Spain*, Confederate in the War,  
The Priviledge of Friends we might expect  
Tho', by a Rover, taken in our Voyage,  
*Viroto* found us in a Turkish Ship.  
He brought us here for safety, as a Port  
Where passage soonest would present for *Cales* ;  
The Winds have oft been fair and Vessels sail'd ;  
Yet still detain'd, we think no more of *Spain* ;  
The Loss of Friends contented we endure.  
How when a Wife, to make you room, was slain.  
Oh *Iffamenea*, how cou'd you in Peace  
Receive the Murderer to your Bed ?

*Iffa.* The Syren. But this Murderer since it seems  
*Viroto enters, is surpriz'd, remains unseen.*  
Has found the way to win on more Than me.  
This Steel which is to punish thee design'd.  
If from my Duty I have err'd and thou

Thy



- Thy self shalt be the Judge, Be this my Portion,  
*Vir. (a- And Heav'n reward thee if thy words are Truth.*  
*(side)* For sudden Fate is in the Secret Lodg'd.  
*Issa.* Say, and I dare thy utmost Malice Thou  
 Who know'st the Actions of my spotless Life  
 Say if they were not blameless.  
*Luc.* If you had still continu'd thus your Fame,  
 Had been a bright example to our Sex.  
*Issa* What by necessity I since have done,  
 Is rather my Misfortune than my Guilt.  
 The day *Emilia* dy'd a Ship arriv'd  
 Which brought the News of *Iopano's* Death.  
 I hasten'd, with my Sorrows, to my Bed,  
 Where mourning o're the mem'ry of my Lord.  
 At dead of night I saw *Phorsano* enter,  
 His Hands a Dagger and a Taper held :  
 He sigh'd and pray'd, he caught me to his Arm  
 And swore since, what oppos'd him was remov'd  
 If I refus'd to be his Wife, by force  
 That minute he wou'd seize the Marriage Joy,  
 And as he strove to act as he had sworn.  
 I, to prevent him, promis'd to be his,  
 Made him my Husband and secur'd my Honour.  
*Luc.* Who cou'd have thought, that you whom neither  
 (Want,  
 Nor chains, nor death cou'd Frighten from your duty;  
 Who cou'd have thought a night wou'd be too long  
 For you to languish on a Widow'd Bed  
 And weep for One who lov'd you more than Life.  
*Issa.* Compell'd to what I did, if I have sinn'd  
 What canst thou say in thy defence, what Plea  
 Hast thou for wronging me and him to whom  
 Thou art by solemn Oaths Contracted  
*Vir. (aside)* Ha ! what has Hell been doing here ?  
*Issa.* *Viotto* lives, and comes to claim thy Vow,  
 What canst thou Say to him and what tome.  
 To meet my Husband by thy self, of Choice  
 In the dark Covert of a Grove at Evn Did

Did I not see him in thy Arms, these Eyes  
Behold thy warm Caresses saw thy Cheeks  
Lean wantonly on his, thy conscious Blushes  
Confess'd thy Pleasure and thy Guilt.

*Vir. ( aside )* Oh horror !

Sink me at once or strike me deaf for ever.

*Luc* I meet your Husband ! Had I known him there  
I sooner wou'd have met a certain Death.

He found me in the Silence of the Shade  
Alone complaining to the Woods and Winds  
And mourning o're a poor unhappy Brother.

*Issa.* He rather found thee waiting with Impatience.

The Hour appointed for my Ruin there.

You kiss, you toy'd, you prest him to your Bosom.

While I was in your intervals of Joy

Your Mirth, your Laughter, but this Hour is mine

And thus—

*She flings away the Dagger,*

*Viotto comes forward.*

Ha Cruel ! whom wou'dst thou have murder'd ?

I met my *Iopano* in her Eyes,

And pitty at that Sight, and Love disarm'd me

No ; this is not the way to right my Wrongs.

I'll stab her in her tender Part *Phorano*,

How mad is my despair to hope for Peace

By adding Blood and Murder to my shame.

But Innocence and Reason went together

And Horrors growing on my Soul distract me.

*Viotto !* thou art come to do me Justice

And rid me of my Foe.

*Vir.* As Guilty as she is, you cou'd'n hurt Her

By seeing in her Looks her Brother's Likeness

A Brother whom you have not us'd too well.

How cou'd you hope then I wou'd serve your rage

On one whose Image in my Bosom reigns.

*Issa.* Dull as thou art, go, take her to thy arms

The Relicks of *Phorano's* sated Love.

For me—My Beauty wou'd regain his Heart,  
If I were fond of getting what I loath [ *Exit.*

*Lucin.* You seem as if you hearkned to her Malice  
And what her Jealousy inspi'rd, believ'd  
Cou'd I imagin that *Viroto's* Soul  
Was capable of thinking me so base,  
My Vertue should be prov'd by my disdain,  
There's not a shackl'd Wretch whom I wou'd  
Like him, or think he less deserv'd my Heart (scorn

*Vir.* Who trusts himself to Women or the Waves,  
Shou'd never hazard what he fears to lose ;  
For he that ventures all his hopes like me  
On the frail promise of a Womans Smiles,  
Like me will be deceiv'd and Curse his Folly.

*Lucin.* Curse, Curse, your Folly, Curse your credulous  
And by your Vile Suspensions be deceiv'd. (Nature,  
If thus before the Marriage Rites are past,  
Before Possession if you use me thus,  
What from your Jealousy must I expect  
When you've no more to ask, nor I to grant.

*Vir.* Sure thus we did not think to meet *Lucinda*  
When last we parted, when you Wept and Sigh'd,  
And vow'd Eternal truth, Oh racking Thought!  
You suffer'd me to Seal it on your Lips  
And Smiling bad me haste to make you Happy :  
For my own Peace too late I am return'd  
Too soon for yours.

My Fate in this, more wretched then my Friends  
If *Iffamenea* had not thought him Dead  
She ner'e had chang'd and he had ne'er complain'd.  
While I

*Lucin.* The most abus'd of all Mankind  
Betray'd Forsaken for a Murd'rer left  
This you wou'd tell me Cou'd I deign to hear you  
And wou'd not tho I Swore twere false believe me  
Yet if a word would prove my Innocence.

My



My silence shou'd confirm your doubts, and I  
Your Love and Fears with equal Passion Scorn.

*Viro.* Where will this end ? Oh Was there not sufficient ?  
Of sorrow in my Friends despair to sink us,  
But this must swell the flood and bear us down,  
When by the foaming Billows I was tost :  
When the fierce Pyrates ratled from their Ships,  
A Storm of Sulphur, like the Mouth of Hell.  
In expectation of this Hour my Soul  
Dispis'd the danger, to the Winds I cry'd,  
Swell out the Sails, and let us drive amain.  
It wafts me to *Lucinda* : I in her  
Shall find the fury of the Tempest chang'd  
To Sighs, soft murmurings and to Tides of Love.  
Oh how deceitful were my hopes ? how vain ?  
As Men in Feavers dream of fanning Breezes,  
Of Chrstal Springs, and burning wake in Fire.

*Lucinda.* Thy Treason has no need of this excuse,  
To make my Guilt a base pretence for thine.  
But how can I whom higher cares employ,  
Dispute with one so little worth my thought ?  
Think what thou wilt since I no more shall see thee,  
And Conscious to my self of nothing ill.  
Thy Fears and Falshood shall no more disturb me.

*Viro.* She's gone, and parted as she went a frown [Exit.  
Too piercing to be born.  
But if an angry look can wound me thus,  
What must it be to see her smile on him  
And shoot at me disdain. Oh *Jopano*,  
I who to day was soothing thee to Peace,  
Must add the burthen of my grief to thine,  
And urge thee to Revenge.

Nor Guards nor Armies shall secure the Traytor  
To punish Tyrants and in Vengeance still,  
He seldom wants the Pow'r who has the Will.

*The End of the Third Act.*

## ACT IV.

*Scene an Anti-chamber near the Governours Apartment.*

*Phorsano. Jopano. [disguis'd.*

*Phorf.* SO much thy manly port, thy daring aspect,  
The Fires which sparkle in thy Eyes have charm'd  
That neither thy Complexion nor thy Chains, (me,  
Can make me think that thou wer't born a Slave :  
But hast a Soul above thy vile Condition,  
Which to the boldest actions would inspire thee  
Were Liberty in view.

*Jop.* Is there a Deed more dreadful than the last,  
More cruel to be done, at your Command,  
Again this Steel shall drench its self in Blood,  
And Liberty alone be my Reward.  
For nothing's to the Brave so dear as freedom,  
Danger and Death for this they will dispise,  
And purchase with their Lives their Native right.

*Phor.* To One like thee, so sensible of Slavery,  
How grievous must it be to drag thy Chain?  
Tug at the Oar, and every Minute feel  
The Whip plough odious furrows in thy Flesh,  
For a Fools Anger or a Drunkards Mirth ;  
Sure if occasion offer'd thou woud'st choose  
To be the Master of thy self, and live  
In plenty, rather than to pine with want.

*Jop.* What desp'rate talk? What perilous attempt?  
What Wonders to be free cou'd I perform ?  
I shou'd deserve my Bonds, a Villains lash  
To labour Ages at the Oar, if Fear  
Cou'd daunt me in the way which leads to freedom.

*Phor.*



*Phor.* How long has Fortune dealt so basely by thee?

*Jop.* Too long, if but a Day, to live in Bonds.

*Phor.* Who made thee first a Slave?

*Jop.* The Man you Love,

He took me in the Ship with one who now  
Lyes bury'd in the Deep, till then my Fate  
Was kinder, but I must not here complain.

*Phor.* Has he distinguish'd thee from other Slaves  
To use thee ill? Confess, and I perhaps  
May find a way to right thy self and me.

*Jop.* If want, incessant toil, if whips and wounds  
Are reason of complaint, there's not a wretch  
Who less deserv'd or suffer'd more than I;  
Till my last Service rais'd me from the Oar  
To tast of ease, and to my pains return.

*Phor.* From him indeed thou must expect the worst,  
Thou know'st his Guilt, and whilst thou liv'st his Soul  
Can ne're have peace, nor while he breaths will mine.  
Thou canst not hate him, nor art injur'd more  
Tho' Prudence, Interest and Revenge require  
His Life from thee; or thine is not secure.

This to encourage thee I give thee now : [Gold.  
To *Africa* or *Asia* I'll transport thee  
With Wealth above thy wish or expectation.  
By thee this Night he Dyes.

*Jop.* This Night, my Lord.

*Phor.* This Hour—I saw him pass to yon Apartment.  
Wait his return, besure thou dost not fail,  
And when the deed is done retire to me,  
I'll see thee safe, and well reward thy Service.—— [Exit.

*Jop.* If 'twere allow'd us to dispute with Heav'n,  
We might now argue why the Murd'rer lives,  
Why the Earth yawns not to involve him quick,  
Why Lightnings do not blast, nor Thunders tear him,  
Nor Nature into wild Convulsions start



To see the Monster she produc'd.  
 Murder his Friend just clear of his embrace,  
 With Blessings kind as from a Brothers Lips.  
 Kill his *Virotto* ! Oh inhumane Governour ! [Enter *Issa*.  
 But He and *Cyprus* shall be safe e're Morn.

*Issa*. Ha, —— Who art thou that in this Hour of Night,  
 Art meditating Death, —— a *Moor*, and Arm'd ?  
 Whose Fate is next ? Whose Murder is resolv'd ?  
 Say, how can *Cyprus* e're the Morn be safe ?  
 Nay do not start, thy Life is in my pow'r.  
 Is there a way to free us from the Tyrant ?  
 The treasures of this Isle shall then be thine,  
 And I who never was esteem'd the least  
 Will own thee for my Friend. ——

*Jop*. Oh Woman, Woman !

*Issa*. Why dost thou tremble, can an *Africk* Robber  
 Bred up with Savages and Beasts of Prey ?  
 Canst thou, by Nature cruel shrink at things,  
 The softest of her Sex undaunted Names.

*Jop*. Not you alone this Sable has deceiv'd,  
 Too fond of your Complexions, you believe  
 Our looks deform'd, and think our Minds the same :  
 Yet oft behind this Cloud there shines a Soul,  
 The brightness of whose Rays wou'd strike you blind.  
 If you o're heard my vow, you know for what  
 That Solemn Oath was made : But how can you  
 The softest of your Sex, and sure the fairest ;  
 How can you yield to dip those hands in Blood ?  
 What are your wrongs ?

*Issa*. And what art thou that askst me ?  
 Enough that I command it to be done,  
 Durst thou dispute my Will whose Trade is Death ?  
 If thou art paid what matter's it by whom,  
 Or in whose Breast the fatal Steel is plung'd ?

*Jop*. What Barbarous Man can Merit this from you,

whom

Whom but in thought to injure is a sin,  
 To punish which, whole Nations ought to Arm ;  
 For once I saw the wonders of your Vertue,  
 That neither Liberty nor Life cou'd tempt you  
 To leave the kindest, and the truest Husband.

*Iffs.* Whence comes it ? I forget my Native Pride,  
 To argue with a wretch below my scorn ?  
 Whence that my Ear delights to hear his Voice,  
 And my heart listens to him as to one  
 It long has known, and wou'd again converse with :  
 Thy looks indeed deceiv'd me, for thy mind  
 Deserv'd a nobler Dwelling ; wert thou then  
 A witness of my sorrow ? tell me, stranger,  
 Wert thou then there, and didst thou know that Husband ?

*Jop.* I knew, and tho' he was my Foe ador'd him,  
 Who that had felt the mighty Pow'r of Love ;  
 And saw his tenderness, his care of you.  
 Who cou'd forbear to pity your distress ?  
 I then was happy, I had then a Wife  
 Young and to me, at least, She seem'd a Beauty,  
 Whom my Soul lov'd above the hopes of Heav'n.  
 And as I thought, by whom I was belov'd  
 On her, when I beheld your Fate, I look'd,  
 I dreaded, that your danger might be Her's,  
 And fear'd if She could Conquer it like you.  
 Just were my fears at last the Danger came.  
 For one I trusted as a Friend, has Rob'd me,  
 Of all which made my Life, and toil a pleasure.

*Iffs.* Now by my dismal View of what is past,  
 His story is as Daggers to my Heart,  
 Which wounds me with its likeness to my own.  
 Where is this false one, this ingrate ?

*Jop.* She fled.  
 Far with the Ravisher, and liv'd in plenty ;  
 While I to want and Chains abandon'd, pin'd !



For labour useleſs, yet to labour forc'd  
By Whips and Staves, till Oh the guilty Price !  
My freedom by the Nobleſt blood was purchas'd.

*Iſſa.* What have I heard, it muſt, it muſt be his,  
Oh all you Pow'rs ! whoever was ſo wretched  
To bleſs my Huſbands Butcher with his joys,  
And ſleep contented in the Traytors Arms.  
And how canſt thou excuſe thy guilt, as done  
Without thy knowledge or conſent ? 'tis falſe,  
Hadſt thou conſulted with thy reaſon more,  
Or hearkn'd to the Viſions of thy fear,  
Which check'd the guilty Raptures of the Night,  
And mingled with thy ſoft polluted Dreams.  
This truth had ſooner been reveal'd, and Fate  
Finish'd ; the buſineſs of this bloody hour,  
Say ! and, if Life can tempt thee, be ſincere,  
Say ! was not he whoſe tenderneſs and care  
Inclin'd thee once to pity ; was not he  
The ſame whoſe Noble blood thy hand has ſpilt ?

*Jop.* Madam, my Life depends upon my ſilence,  
Bound by a ſacred Oath to keep the ſecret ;  
Which to unfold, wou'd throw you to deſpair,  
Spoil your new Pleaſures, and Eternal Peace.

*Iſſa.* I dare not ask him more, for ev'ry word,  
Discovers what is death for me to know,  
And not to know it worſe.

Confess by whoſe Commiſſion thou haſt done  
A deed ev'n blacker than thy Odious Form ;  
Yet have a care to own the Crime was thine,  
For by the Horrors of my Guilt, I ſwear  
By him whoſe gaping wounds are freſh before me ;  
My vengeance ſhall be terrible to Fame,  
And future Ages tremble at the ſtory.

Speak, is *Phorſano*, is my Huſband guiltleſs ?

*Jop.* Her Huſband, can I hear that word and live ?

*Iſſa.*



*Issa.* Tell me ; did *Jopano* dye at *Venice*,  
At Sea, or was he Murder'd ?

*Jop.* I have said  
Too much, tho' since you force me still to speak,  
He was, and by the Governours Command.  
My self a witness of his Death :

*Issa.* For ever blasted be thy sight,  
Thy Tongue accurs'd.  
May all the Plagues which ever vext the World,  
In one united, on the Murd'rer fall  
And ruin universal wait on mine.

*Jop.* To them by whom he Dy'd you owe your Power,  
Your Glory, Riches and exalted State ;  
By this you are become the first in *Cyprus*,  
To Live in equal Pomp with *Eastern* Queens ;  
Whatever they deserve themselves, their Gift  
Sure merits something kinder than a Curse.

*Issa.* This Slave may yet be useful in my vengeance,  
And I must sooth him, till my work is done.  
A dreadful work for Nature and my Sex,  
A deadly Potion for my thirsty Soul ;  
But fixt as Fates unalterable will,  
And ends in death the Cure of all my woes.  
Forgive me Honest *Moor* ! I was to blame,  
Did I not hear thee vow when first we met,  
That *Cyprus* ere the Morning should be safe ?  
To Night revenge me on my cruel Husband,  
Revenge the Murder'd *Jopano*.

And half this Wealth for thy reward is thine,  
I'll be the fair Companion of thy flight ;  
A gentle Mistress, and a faithful Friend.

[Smiling.]

*Jop.* She's Infamous by Heav'n ! But I must haste,  
Time wastes, and Fate has mighty things to do :  
So much the promise of your favour won me ;  
Your will shall be obey'd.

*Issa.*

*Iffa.* That passage there Conducts to my Apartment ;  
Bring me the welcome News, and when 'tis done,  
Thence with the treasure we may both escape. [*Exit.*]

*Jop.* Oh from what height of Vertue is She fal'n,  
Into the lowest depths of Sin and Shame !  
They Dye — The Traytor and the Traytrefs Dye ;  
Her last contrivance puts 'em in my pow'r,  
And I on both shall riot my revenge.

*Enter Viroto.*

*Viroto!* Why with this dejected mien ?  
Thou hast no sorrows of thy own ; thy heart  
Shou'd have no room but for approaching Bliss.

*Vir.* Oh *Jopano!* since we parted last,  
Shou'd I declare the Vision I have seen,  
'T'wou'd sink thee lower than thou yet art fal'n.

*Jop.* Tell me, for I'm to meet the worst prepar'd,  
The worst already I have met and heard :  
My Wife confesses her Treason, Court a Moor  
With impious smiles, to kill the Man she hates ;  
And thus revenge my Death.

*Vir.* Or rather thus,  
Her self ; for I am wrong'd as well as thou :  
The Tyrant will not be content with one,  
Scarce the whole Sex can cool his hot desires,  
But Wives and Virgins to his Lust must yield.

*Lucinda* is like *Iffamenea* chang'd,  
And faithless both as we are both unhappy.

*Jo.* Ha ! If thou art not of my House asham'd,  
Beware *Viroto!* do not touch that thought,  
'Tis poyson to our Friendship.

I yet am willing to believe thee honest,  
Tho' the least doubt against my Sisters Honour,  
Will force me with the rancour of thy Foe,  
To tell thee that 'tis false.

So well I know the secrets of her Heart ;  
There's not a Saint whose wishes are more pure,  
Nor Life more innocent than Hers.



*Vir.* So fond am I to think in this like you,  
 That rather than suspect *Lucinda's* truth,  
 To trust my Eyes or Ear I shou'd refuse :  
 Yet oh ! if any one but She had met  
 The Ravisher alone at Even, and kiss'd  
 And clasp'd him in the darkness of a Grove.  
 Had I o're heard her jealous Sister tell her,  
 She saw their eager Kisses, their Embraces,  
 And the fair Criminal should answer,  
 She nere had ventur'd had she known him there.  
 What *Jopano* wou'd'st thou have me think ?

*Jop.* That Woman was design'd at her Craarion,  
 To be too cunning and too fair for Man :  
 'Twas to remove thee ; I'm imploy'd and paid  
 To kill thee, by my faithful Consort hir'd  
 To stab the Adultrer ; do I look a Villain  
 Fit for the mischiefs of this dreadful Night ?

*Enter Lucinda, Zarma.*

*Luc.* Hence *Zarma*, let us leave this horrid Mansion,  
 And to the next Religious fly for safety ;  
 The Air's contagious and the House accurst :  
 Whom can I trust, from whom expect defense,  
 Where look for Justice for my Brother's death ?  
 His Friend forsakes him, and too much I fear,  
 Forsook him e're he dy'd ; he could not else  
 Have been so cruel, so unjust to me.

*Jop.* To you ! If you are *Jopano's* Sister ;  
 He dying bad me say, remember well  
 How tenderly he bred you from a Child,  
 How much he lov'd, how well he taught your Youth ;  
 And have a care you injure not his name.

*Luc.* From him a Message tho' it comes by thee,  
 Will be most welcome in this hour of woe.

*Jop.* Ask her, he cry'd, if She has well observ'd  
 This Lesson, that 'tis Vertue only makes



A Woman lovely, for when that is lost  
 By those She was Ador'd, she'll be despis'd.  
 Tell her, if ever she has err'd, my Ghost  
 By Day shall haunt her walks, by Night her dreams,  
 If in her secret wishes she has fin'd:  
 May Sickness waste her Beauty, Scorn her Pride,  
 And Curses heavy as her Crimes o're take her.

*Luc.* Are these the Blessings of a tender Brother?  
 These the last wishes of a dying Friend?  
 One who was well acquainted with my heart  
 And knew it, never cou'd offend in this.

*Jop.* Have you preserv'd the riches of your Youth?  
 Inviolate the Honour of your House,  
 And spotless as he left, is your Fame?

*Luc.* What sawcy wretch usurps aright o're me,  
 To question me of things my Soul abhors.  
 A trick the poor invention of *Virotto*.  
 Can his base jealousy descend so low,  
 To see me thus insulted by a Slave?

*Jop.* Advance thou witness of her Shame and Falshood,  
 Confound her with the proofs of her dishonour;  
 With her, the business of the Night begins  
 In her Lives blood I'll wipe away the stain  
 She fixes on our name. For know Dissembler,  
 Thy Brother lives in me, thy injur'd Brother;  
 Who tho' he lov'd thee like a Father once,  
 Now hates the more than ev'n his perjur'd Wife;  
 And his just Vengeance thus begins on thee.

*Luc.* My Brother! [*falls*] [*Offers to stab her.*]

*Vir.* Hold *Jopano*! hear her ere She dyes, [*Held by Vir.*]  
 Who can behold that mourning Beauty thus  
 And suffer her to bleed? Who see her tears,  
 Her Charming sorrow, and not feel his pity;  
 Melt at the sight, and swear she shall not Dye.

*Jop.* Off! if thou woud'st, thy self escape my fury,

If thou woud'st have me think thy story true,  
 Leave me *Virotto*, least I melt like thee,  
 And to thy ruin I believe her guiltless.

*Vir.* Believe me what thou wilt, believe me false,  
 But thus I'll hold thee, till thy Sister's safe.

*Luc.* Thus too I'll hold him, hang about his Knees,  
 Crawl on the Earth, till he has heard my Vow,  
 Not that I fear to Dye or wish to Live.  
 With joy when I have justify'd my Vertue,  
 I'll meet the threatned wound.

Death will be pleasant by a Brother's Sword,  
 With my cold Lips I'll kiss his bloody Hands,  
 And as our Mother Dying blest us, bless him.

*Jop.* Off! And for ever let me fling thee from me  
 Unworthy of my Rage, I'll spurn and leave thee,  
 To perish by despair. But that I know  
 The untainted Honour, of the Saint who bore thee,  
 I shou'd believe thee of a spurious race,  
 A lustful Mercenary Beggars Brat,  
 And throw thee as a Viper from my Bosom.

*Luc.* Hear me ye Powr's! If I have sin'd in word  
 Or wish, and have not like a Virgin liv'd.  
 Bless me, or Curse me as I swear for ever.  
 Speak *Zarma*! thou wert with me in the Grove,  
 The sad Companion of my grief; for what  
 Were we then there?

*Zar.* To Mourn a Cruel Brother.

*Vir* to *Lucinda*. Hence quickly Hence, I hear *Phor sano*'s voice  
 Retire, with us his fatal to be found. [*Phor. within calls to*

*Luc.* Were I that guilty one which you pretend [*Servants.*  
 In your Destruction, I might now be safe;  
 But as I keep the secret, think me true.

*Vir.* Say, you just enter'd as the Moor had seiz'd me,  
 And when he was about to kill me, shriek'd. [*Enter Phor. &c.*

*Phor.* Whence this Confusion and this Midnight noise? [*They*



*Luc.* *Virotto* was assaulted by the Moor; [*struggle. Luc shrieks.*  
And but your coming hinder'd, had been Murder'd.

*Phor.* Away to my Apartment with the Slave, [*Jop carry'd off*  
By Tortures or Rewards, I'll there endeavour  
To know who urg'd him to the desp'rate deed.  
Whom have you lately injur'd?

*Vir.* None but him.

Perhaps he fancies I have been severe,  
And of his fortune Proud, wou'd now revenge it.

*Phor.* The Villain shall be made a dire Example  
To fright his fellows from such black Attempts.  
To morrow we'll rejoyce in your escape,  
And as the Senates last dispatch Commands  
Declare you Admiral of our Fleet, 'tis late  
For Beautys to be wakeing and abroad. [*to Luc. Angerly.*  
Farewel! [*Exit without.*

*Vir.* You see he's careful of your Health and Ease,  
'Tis time he thinks, for Beauties to retire,  
And rather than your wakening shou'd offend you.  
No question, he would lead you to your rest;  
Be watchful of your Sleep and bless your Dreams.

*Luc.* Is nor my Brothers Fury nor his Wrongs,  
His hard Reproaches, sharper to my Ear  
Than Daggers to my Heart. Is this from him  
Whom living I have found to see him bleed?  
This, all too little to destroy my peace  
And make me wretched, as thy Soul can wish  
The Honour of a Virgin, whom thou seest  
Expos'd to Violence and shameful Force,  
Shou'd rather urge thee to defend my Verrue,  
Than basely thus to wound me with thy malice.  
What other Usage cou'd I hope from thee?  
Who was it in thy nature to oblige me?  
Thou from this Hour woud'st never see more.

*Vir.* To part pretences may be found with ease,

When



When Love is weary of the vows it made ;  
 Cou'd I obey you, I might quickly see  
 Your change severely by my Foe reveng'd :  
 But now to leave you cruel as you are  
 Wou'd more torment my self than punish you.  
 No, tho' ungrateful ! you my service scorn,  
 This faithful arm to Night shall be your guard,  
 For Hell's at work and in his Eyes I see  
 There's mischief in his Soul too foul to name ;

*Luc.* As Death is not the greatest ill I fear,  
 I know to dye, and will in that be safe :  
 If for protection I shou'd fly to you,  
 Hereafter you'll upbraid me with you Zeal  
 And ask Rewards; to generous Merit due  
 To one, who would with equal care defend  
 My Fame from slander, and my Sex from force.

*Vir.* Love will be victor, and I must submit ;  
 Hence with my doubts, the ruin of my hopes.  
 If woman e're was innocent 'tis she.  
 Can you--- But how shall I implore your Pardon  
 So much offended, let my Life atone,  
 For Life without forgiveness is a Curse,  
 And I have Sinn'd too much to look for Mercy.

*Luc.* So early jealous you have made me wife,  
 And frighted me from trusting one I fear.

*Vir.* Is there no way, no hopes of favour left ?  
 Must we be strangers still and Friends no more ?  
 Oh had you lov'd indeed, to see my pains  
 My fears, my penitence, unfeign'd and just,  
 'Twou'd move you both to pity and forgive,  
 And all may be forgot and we be happy.

*Luc.* Twice from your friendship I've my Life receiv'd ;  
 Yet he that kill'd me wou'd be more my friend  
 Than he that Robb'd me of my Virgin Fame ;  
 What's due was due before this last affront,  
 Has paid the debt and now I owe you nothing.

*Vir.*

*Vir.* What Man can love, and yet be always wise,  
So nigh the Blessing, who could fear the least  
To lose his wish and not grow Mad like me?

*Luc.* Must I for your distempers be the talk,  
The laughter of the World? But sure this hour  
Were better for my Brothers safety spent :  
His danger calls you to his speedy aid,  
Your care of him will prove your Love to me,  
And in your service I forget your Crime.

*Vir.* Our Friend this Night's contriving how to get  
His Wife aboard the Fleet : If Fortune smiles  
To morrow we will part for *Venice*, all  
There to inform the Senate how this Isle  
Beneath *Phorsano's* Tyranny has groan'd.  
I'll wait on yours and *Jopano's* Fate,  
I'll seek and watch your Brother, least he turns  
The Fury on himself which now  
He aims at them : expect me with you soon.  
My Duty wakeful as the Tyrants Lust,

*Luc.* May your good Angels guard you from his Treasons;  
Nor Earth nor Hell against your cause prevail.  
Help 'em ye Saints Propitious to distress,  
Direct the Winds to drive us from this shore.  
And never may we Land on *Cyprus* more.

*The end of the Fourth Act.*

ACT

## ACT V.

*Scene Iffameneas Apartment, she is discover'd leaning on a Table, a Bowl, a Dagger and a Casket by her.*

*Iffamene.*

*Sola.*

**I**F such as Intrest or Revenge destroy'd  
 Knew how their Foes are tortur'd by remorse,  
 Enough they would believe 'em punish'd here,  
 Nor wish 'em for their pains a future Hell.  
 What are the terrors of the Damn'd to this  
 Their Seas of Sulphur, and their Lakes of Fire  
 To guilt of Murder, and to full despair?  
 Yet Innocent my self: for what should I  
 Repent of others Sins, or bear their wounds?  
*Phorſano* did it ——— Curse my fatal Beauty,  
 His hands but acted what my Eyes inspir'd.  
 To make me his — My Friend, my Husband dy'd,  
 And yielding to be his, the Crime is mine.  
 Oh *Jopano* ! If in word or wish  
 I once consented to thy Death, may Heav'n  
 Shut its bright Gates, and drive my guilty Soul  
 From Bliss and thine for ever. This my Pray'r,  
 And this the surest witness of my truth, *[She drinks.]*  
 Yet still his Ghost for further Vengeance cries  
 The Murd'rer lives. I hear and will obey thee, *[Enter Jop.]*  
 The *Moor* return'd. Well where's the Governour,  
 Rests he secure and are these treasures thine?  
*Jop.* Had I believ'd you meant to be obey'd,  
 This Steel e're this had cut his thread of Life.  
 But oft when Women fancy they are wrong'd  
 Such as have serv'd 'em in their wrath have found

them.



Themselves condemn'd, and whom they punish'd prais'd.

*Issa.* Thou talk'st as if thou hadst forgot the price ;  
My Gold, my self and Liberty, were these  
Too weak to Combat with thy fears. Base Coward !  
But there are others who for less reward  
Will rid me of my Foes, and thee the worst.

*Jop.* Cou'd you convince me when your will's perform'd,  
I might at least expect to be forgiven ;  
You soon shou'd be content, but if 'twere done,  
And you too late repent his hasty doom,  
How then shall I escape, or hope for Mercy ?

*Issa.* Canst thou imagine I should mourn for him  
Who Robb'd me of my Husband and my Honour ?

*Jop.* Do you not Love, nor have you never Lov'd him ?  
Perhaps his changing Nature has provok'd you,  
And all this boasted Fury is no more  
Than mean resentment for your slighted Love.  
For sure the Man who in a Night prevail'd,  
Must have more Charms than one as soon forgot.

*Issa.* True — His ingratitude at first alarm'd me,  
But when I knew his Treason to his Friend,  
How guilty he had made himself, and me,  
It struck my Soul with Horror and Remorse,  
And what was Vengeance then, — is Justice now.

*Jop.* Has he not plac'd you on the height of Glory,  
And deck't you like the Goddess of this Isle,  
While *Jopano* by his daily care  
Cou'd scarce support you in his humble state,  
For Love was all the Fortune he cou'd boast ?

*Issa.* No more.  
As well thou mayst compare that odious Face  
To this, — or what is fairest in our Sex,  
As set the Monster to my view with him.  
In him was ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace,  
As ev'ry Vice is in his Rival found

Begone, — and merit by his Death to live.

*Jop.* Will this too morrow be your dire Command?

*Issa.* Too morrow? by the Terrors of my Soul,

Or He or Thou shalt ere the Morning bleed.

Oh! hadst thou always been as wise as now,

As Loath to dip thy hands in Blood, my Lord,

My Love, my Jopano, had been mine.

This Night had now renew'd our Bridal Joys;

These Arms embrac'd him with supream delight,

We had now met and never parted more.

Again we soon shall meet, look there — I see him [*She runs*

He skims before my Eyes a Ghastly shade: [*to him, he avoids*

I have him, — nay indeed you shall not leave me; [*her.*

To Bed my Lord, 'tis late and I am sick.

*Jop.* She raves, and I must flatter her Disease:

Peace, Madam, all is well, — suppose it done.

*Issa.* Swear, — since to doubt it, drives me to Distraction;

Swear, that thy Dagger pierc'd the Traytors heart,

And view the World of wealth which then is thine. [*points to*

*Jop.* I swear, the Traytor by this Dagger fell, [*the Casket.*

And you and all these Treasures are my own. [*Seizes it.*

*Issa.* The deadly Draught, or else my fears o'ercome me,

My trembling Arm abhors the Bloody deed;

Inspire me Furies! with your frantick Rage,

Rouse all that's Cruel in my nature! This [*Stabs him twice.*

For *Jopano*, — for my Husband, — This

*Jop.* Hold *Iffamenea*, Hold, 'Tis thou in me,

Hast pierc'd the faithful Heart of *Jopano*:

Ah! hadst thou lov'd me as thou oft hast sworn,

No shape nor no disguise cou'd hide me from thee;

But by thy Falshood and thy Pride, estrang'd

My very Image in thy Soul, is lost,

And I for one who loaths thee am forgot.

*Enter Viroto.*

*Viroto.* Oh *Jopano*! Ha support me Heav'n!

G

What



What has my Brother in his Madness done?

Whence did these wounds, this mighty ruin come.

*Jop.* From the dire source of all my woes, my Wife;  
Behold her steel, yet reeking with my Blood,  
And pitty if thou canst thy Dying Friend.

*Vir.* Oh thou most Lost ! most miserable Woman !  
Strike quickly, strike the Dagger to thy Heart,  
Least in my Fury I forget my Sex,  
And stab thee in dishonour of my Name.

*Issa.* 'Tis Vision, all the wild effects of Rage,  
The airy Dreams of my distemper'd Brain,  
My Husband, Ha ! to doubt it is Damnation ;  
Ye Pow'rs ! if you have suffer'd this to be,  
Where are your Lightnings and your bolts of Fire ?  
Why stand I thus to brave Eternal Justice.

*Vir.* I fear'd this fatal blow from thy despair,  
I sought thee to prevent it, tho' too late :  
Thy Sister's danger claim'd my equal care,  
Or this had never been, and thou had'st liv'd :  
See, See, thou wretchedst of thy Sex, to what  
Thy cruel Jealousy and damn'd Ambition,  
Have brought the best of Husbands and of Friends,  
The Noblest, Kindest Man that ever liv'd.

*Issa.* Grant, Grant, that this indeed may be a dream,  
Or if 'tis more, Oh strike me to the Centre !  
No torments can be worse,  
Than what I feel and fear.

*Jop.* If I had once forgot my Marriage Vow,  
The mutual Joys that blest our Nuptial Bed ;  
If tempted by the Wealth of *Indian* Queens,  
My Soul had listned to their vile request,  
And I had yielded thee to Death ; these Wounds,  
These Sluces flowing from the Springs of Life ;  
These mortal Agonies had then been just,  
But from a Wife belov'd, and dear like thee ;



My early wish and blessing of my Youth,  
From *Iffamenea*.

*Iffa*. 'Tis He, 'Tis *Jopano*, He himself,  
My Steel is in his Heart, Oh hide me from him !  
Ye Walls, Ye Pillars, from your Basis start,  
And crush me with your Fall Ye Vaulted Roofs !  
Earth ope, and living in thy Womb involve me ;  
Confusion seize me, Madness waste my Reason,  
That I may never, never think again.

*Vir*. Curse thy Repentance and dissembled Grief,  
Thy Tears as false as ever were thy Smiles :  
Curse !

*Jop*. Hold *Viroto*, tho' she much has err'd,  
'Tis owing more to Fate than to her will :  
Hast, Bring *Lucinda* to me ere I dye ?  
I feign wou'd bless you with my latest breath,  
The only business I have left to do.

*Vir*. How shall I leave you in your last of Life,  
Or bear the killing Message to my Love.

*Jop*. This shape to know thy Innocence I took,  
Too long I us'd it, tho' 'twas fit that Thou  
Shoud'st take that life which thou hadst made so wretched :  
Yet faithless and ungrateful as thou art,  
Believe not, I had liv'd when thou wert gone,  
In this disguise, I had reveng'd our wrongs,  
But Heav'n in pity, sav'd my hands from Blood.

*Iffa*. Wa'st not enough to hearken to his Roe,  
And take the Curst Adulterer to his Bed ?  
Was this too little for my Soul to bear ?  
Why else was Murder added to the weight ? [*Offers to run*  
Save me ! Oh save me, whither I was flying ! [*at Jopano and*  
The rising Furies push me from his Arms [*he starts back.*  
Where safety dwells, and all without is Hell.

*Jop*. Her madness is not were her sorrow feign'd,  
And I increase the Tempest I should calm.

*Iffa.* Murder my Husband and abuse his Bed ?  
 Oh Horror ! 'tis not to be born——Away,  
 Stand off, ——your Daggers shall not force me to't —  
 I swear I'll tell your Wife——; I dare not trust you,  
 My Husband will be angry ; —— Oh my Head ! *[musing]*  
 Break, Break my Brain and let me ever rave,  
 For in these racking Intervals of sense :  
 Remembrance worse than Madness tares my Soul ;

*Jop.* Oh *Iffamenea* ! What hast thou been doing ?  
 Say, has not Fate been busie here before ?  
 Forgive my Anger, 'twas the first and last  
 Which thou hast heard, or ere wilt here from me :

*Iffa.* Forgive ! that word in Death wou'd bring me life ;  
 Oh wondrous Goodness ! canst thou ask of me  
 Forgiveness ? me by whom those wounds were made,  
 Who sold thy Honour ; for a Villain left thee,  
 And lives to tell thee this, and see thee Dye ;  
 But long I shall not breath this loathsome Air,  
 The friendly draught is mingling with my Blood,  
 I feel it now, 'tis going to my heart :  
 Death the last refuge of despair approaches,  
 And sweet Oblivion then will end my woe.

*Jop.* Who now can doubt her Penitence sincere ?  
 More had her mind consented to this ill  
 She cou'd not do, or for her self or me.

*Iffa.* If I shou'd swear who once have thus deceiv'd thee,  
 Woud'st thou believe I never had been false,  
 If my poor Heart had been as wise as true ?  
 If all had dealt as honestly by me  
 As I to thee had prov'd a faithful Wife,  
 Till Hell to ruin me its Arts employ'd ;  
 I know thou durst not, shoud'st not trust thy Murd'rer.

*Jop.* If 'twas to me to give the peace of mind,  
 So well I lov'd thee ere thy fall : ev'n now  
 There's nothing I wou'd think too much to save thee.

But



But there are Pow'rs !

Yes, there are vengeful Pow'r's

Whom tears of blood can ne're appease ; who Cry

For Justice, Justice let 'em have, I wait

Their utmost rage—they rack—they sting—

They come—they come—I'll hide my self in sleep,

I'll dream of running Waters and of Ice

'Tis hot, 'Tis hot within——

*Luc.* Save him ye Guardians of defenceless vertue [*Lucinda*  
And help him to revenge my dying Brother [*Enters in disorder*

*Phor.* In vain this Russian and that base Impostor [*before the*  
Conspir'd to rob me of my Life and Love. [*Governour, and*  
Pray on—— [*Viroto fighting.*

When Beauty is the purchase of the Field,

Heav'n then is deaf, and gives the brave the Prize.

*Vir.* No Traytor, Heav'n has heard her Virgin Pray'r,  
And for thy Hellish Crimes rewards thee thus. [*Vir wounds*

*Phor.* Curse on a Cowards fortune, Hoa my Guards ! [*him.*

*Issa.* Oh *Jopano* ! I shall go before thee, [*Phor falls.*

To touch thee thus defil'd I dare not here,

Yet in another World our Souls may join

For mine has never sin'd to thee, Farewel—— [*dyes.*

*Jop.* She's gone—the Poor, Unfortunate, is gone,

I soon shall follow——sure her Death atones

For Crimes which are not so to Her, if Sin

Requires the Souls consent to make it guilt.

My Friend ! take all I have to give, a Sister

Dear to my heart as She when first we Lov'd ;

If ere your Stars conduct you hence to *Spain*,

Or let me ne're be mention'd : or with Honour,

Canst thou forgive *Lucinda* what is past ?

If I had lov'd thee less, I less had err'd ;

Be happy both as you have seen me wretched. [*dyes.*

*Luc.* Talk not of Happiness or Joy to me,

How can I think of Joy when you are gone :

Take,



Take, take me with you, Oh he breaths his last !  
And scarce had time to bid a long Adieu.

*Phor.* Death will look Glorious, as I Liv'd I Dye,  
And at my Feet behold my bleeding Foes.

*Off.* Seize on *Viroto*. [Enter Officer and Guards.

*Vir.* Hear me on your Lives,  
If to defend that Beauty from his Lust,  
These hapless Strangers from his Rage, my Life  
Assaulted basely ; If for this you'd seize me,  
I own the charge by me the Tyrant fell.

*Phor.* Had I enjoy'd her, I had blest my fall,  
But from the brink of Rapture to be flung  
By one I loath, and leave her in his Arms,  
Torments me worse than all the pangs I feel.

*Off.* Oh foul Confession !

*Phor.* Oh the vile Dissembler !  
Hast thou not often flatter'd my desires,  
And brought the blushing Virgin to my Arms ?  
My Lust thou'st softn'd with the name of Love ;  
My Cruelty a noble Vengeance call'd,  
And been the lewdest Instrument of both ;  
Go——tell the Senate this ——'tis all which Fate  
Will suffer me to say.

[Dyes.

*Off.* Convey him hence  
To you as Admiral, his Pow'r descends,  
And *Venice* will we hope confirm her Choice.

*Vir.* This to the Morning Councils we refer,  
For other Cares too much employ me now ;  
From me this Morning Fair expects Relief,  
From me my Murder'd Friends a time of sorrow :  
Oh *Issamenea* ! we by thee may learn  
That Virtue o're the fear of Death Victorious,  
Will find when Riches Woe and Pleasure Charms ;  
How weak is humane Force by Heav'n forsook,  
The first temptation she with Pride withstood,

And

And freely offer'd for her Fame, her Blood ;  
 Old, Fierce and Ugly, She the *Turk* deny'd,  
 Who with Wealth, Youth and Flattery comply'd, }  
 So fatal 'tis, to be too often try'd.  
 For Death does not so terrible appear,  
 As Wealth is tempting, and as Love is Fair.

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## EPILOGUE

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# EPILOGUE

Spoken by Miss Porter.

**W** Ho worse than Poets in their Tryals fare,  
There's no appealing if you Cast 'em here ;  
And none before you's sure to gain his Cause,  
For as your humours change, you change your Laws.  
Nay, oft to be as cruel as you can,  
You Damn the Cause if you dislike the Man :  
But for some darling Wit, like Molere's Fop,  
You cry 'tis fine before the Curtain's up.  
Our Author dares not to his Merit trust,  
Yet hopes you may be kind and not unjust ;  
To please Ambitious, by the fairest way,  
He tries not her Intrest, but his Play.  
Vain as he is to fancy that will do,  
Without caressing and engaging you.  
No Faction flatter'd, and no Party made,  
He well may of his fortune be afraid.  
For as in business to be good and wise,  
Is found a most uncertain way to rise.  
So in Apollo's Court without a Friend,  
A Muse can little on her self depend.  
Exceptions to our Jury might we make  
Perhaps it wou'd not be so hard to take.  
But whither by your Votes they stand or fall,  
Poor Poets are oblig'd to take you all.  
When for themselves they've any thing to say,  
You stop their mouths by telling 'em you pay.  
A short and weighty Argument, we own,  
Yet pray consider, Sirs, when all is done,  
'Tis hard to Damn a Man for half a Crown.

F I N I S.



































